

The chihuahua glanced down towards his feet before taking that next step over the brush, careful not to crush his target beneath his little footpaws. His master had sent him on a task to find a basketful of a very particular type of mushroom in these woods, and that type of course grew in a very particular environment: in the sometimes-shaded space between the roots of a dwarf mulberry and a nearby low-lying bush. It *had* to be mulberry; he'd become quite adept in identifying the tree since the first time he'd been assigned to this duty, about a month ago.

He set the basket to the side and leaned down, pulling the loose hem of his sweater towards his hip with his other paw. That part was important, too, or else it might block the mushroom from his view, and he had to pick it in a very particular area along its stem – about half an inch into the earth, where the creamsicle-orange flesh swelled out into a slight bulb. That made it easy for removing, of course, and with the slightest twist and tug... it came free with a quiet, wet *crack*, for him to look over before lightly setting it into the basket among the others. About halfway there.

That done – they hardly ever came in clusters or rings, a bit unusual for mushrooms – he straightened back up, dusted off his bare knees and lower body, and looked around to see if he could catch sign of another tree from his somewhat diminutive height. Both personal preference and the weather at this time of year permitted this sweater keeping his fluffy coat down to be his only article of clothing; besides, his master didn't mind much, either. *"I like to see our progress,"* he'd told him once, on his knees between the chihuahua's legs with one warm, gentle thumb pressing in against him; *"male or female, you don't have to choose. But it brings me joy to know that I can help you settle into that valley between the two."*

Actually, the mushrooms he gathered now were for that potion, something that had the ability to tweak and change the chihuahua's bodily balances and start pushing his birth-given feminine body into something more masculine. It was a slow process, sure, but one with noticeable effects: what had originally been a small point of sensitive flesh not even the size of the tip of a claw nestled among glistening pink lips now visibly protruded when something got him worked up, something closer to a formed head at the end of a hard shaft. Usually, seeing that just worked him up even further.

He adjusted his grip on the basket, making sure all of the other samples were settled, before trudging off towards the sound of running water off to his right. His master had some... *other* methods for changing that chemical balance as well, or at least to trigger and settle the hormones, to quicken and cement their effects on his body. One of those methods was near-constant exposure to rich, concentrated testosterone, potently delivered by the master's pet direwolf either directly against the chihuahua's nose and lips, under his tail, or between his legs.

There lay the problem, though, and the source of his indecision and preference for the less-potent version of the potion: he didn't want absolutes. Of course he wanted what that direwolf had - thick, throbbing length, glistening and dripping with natural musk and bodily slickness, and the full, heavy sack hanging beneath, swaying with his steps and pulsing with each beat of his heart – but at the same time, he still enjoyed what life had assigned him.

Still deep in thought, he didn't notice that he'd slid one of his footpaws beneath a protruding root until it caught against his leg and jerked him roughly off his balance, sending him sprawling forward and the basket of mushrooms to follow and bounce out of his grasp. The pain only lasted for a quick moment, though the slight ache of scraped skin beneath fur lingered and throbbed gently even after he'd righted

himself and stood back up; then, muttering under his breath, he scampered around trying to find all of the dropped mushrooms.

“Seven, eight, nine... nine... ah...” Again he brushed himself off with his free paw, glancing back and forth across the ground. It couldn’t have gone far. The chihuahua dropped to his knees and peered beneath the bush belonging to that root, then perked his ears. “Oh! Ten... now where... is...”

“Eleven?”

Barely stifling a surprised chirp, this time his ears perked for a different reason. He wriggled back out from under the bush and looked up: a slim red panda, black and orange fur visible along his arms and muzzle beneath the light robe he wore, stood with one paw on his hip and the other holding the mushroom. After watching the chihuahua scramble back to his feet, the slightest of smiles touched his lips, and he reached forward to drop that mushroom into the basket atop the others.

The smaller canine gave a shaky smile and bowed his head. “Thank you – I was just... I wasn’t looking where I was going, and I tripped, and...”

“You know,” the panda said, letting his paw drop to cover the chihuahua’s on the basket handle. Warm, gentle grip, and soft fingerpads devoid of callouses. “If these are what you’re looking for, why don’t you come back to our apothecary? Mine and my sister’s. It’s just down the river.” He nodded his head in that direction.

“Well, I think I should... maybe...” The chihuahua glanced down at the basket again, then up to the red panda. He had to tilt his head back a bit to make eye contact. “I don’t know. I really should finish collecting and then head back...”

“We have a mulberry patch just across the river, you know. And besides, we don’t get visitors very often.” Sunset-orange eyes glittered in a smile as soft as those fingerpads. The red panda let his paw drift down from the handle, adjusted the basket’s covering cloth, and then clasped his paws behind his back. “I’ll tell Rin to put on some tea. We just got some new leaves from one of our friends further down the border. How many more of those do you need?”

“Um... four. For three weeks’ worth.”

The red panda turned and started to walk, though looked over his shoulder for the chihuahua to follow after a few steps. “Oh, once you’ve had your fill of tea and herb, we’ll send you off with those. Don’t worry about it. Might I ask what you need them for? That particular variety has a few... rather specific uses.”

That made his tail wag a little bit. Again, he didn’t mind the task, but his knees and back *did* ache after a while. He brushed himself off one more time and trotted forward to catch up. “It’s a potion. For me.

“Hmm.” The panda scratched his chin. “Bay and wormwood?”

For each one step of his new companion, the chihuahua had to fit in two or three of his own.

“Wormwood and sage. You know potions?”

“They’re my specialty at our shop. What’s your name?”

“Chiwoo.” He took a moment to glance up away from the ground and at the panda beside him. “Yours?”

“Roe. I mentioned my sister Rin already...”

Roe had certainly told the truth when he said their apothecary lay just down the river. Before long Chiwoo could see the dried-earth walls and thatch roof, pale tans and browns against the rich greens of late summer all around, and a thin column of smoke wafting up from the brick chimney. The panda showed him inside and promptly called out to his sister... which resulted in Chiwoo jumping a moment later at seeing a second Roe, smaller and rounder, come bustling around from the next room.

But of course, it wasn’t: being twins, one could easily mistake each for the other at a glance, but Rin had her differences. Very quickly she pressed their visitor down into one of the chairs surrounding the round table in the center of the hut and poured him a cup of tea, smelling of peeled bark and rich soil, with a sweetness that stirred and swirled in the back of his throat on his first sip.

Rin turned her own cup back and forth in her paws before taking a drink, spreading the heat of the glazed ceramic across her fingers. “You said your name is...”

“Chiwoo.” The chihuahua took another sip. Had he not known better, he might have thought this to be drainage gathered from an overwatered potted plant; it looked and smelled the same. The taste stirred something in him, though, and it wouldn’t be much of a stretch to say he enjoyed it. “This is a wonderful place you have.”

Orange eyes flashed at him across the table, with the female red panda shuffling a deck of rather large cards back and forth. She’d set her teacup down at the edge of the table, a thin wisp of steam billowing up and dissipating in the air before her muzzle. “Thank you, dear. We don’t get visitors often – Roe usually brings back those he finds in the woods for a chat and a visit. Spreads the word, too; we supply the witch doctors of the nearby villages, and every now and then send a shipment... downriver...” Satisfied, she clapped the cards straight and set the deck facedown, then leaned forward on her elbows. “May I do you a reading?”

Chiwoo scooted forward in his chair. A bit hard to do when his footpaws didn’t fully reach the ground. His ears perked up at the sound of quiet claws tapping across the wooden floor in the other room, with Roe soon coming back in with an ebony-wood pipe in one paw and a lit match in the other. The chihuahua watched as he held it close, cultivated the flame, tasted the smoke... took a deeper pull, held it, let it out in another slow swirl.

“Yes,” Rin answered, pulling his attention back to her. “Tarot. I find it usually helps to put our guests at ease... though, some of them, it just makes them upset.” She chuckled quietly, and rested a pair of fingers on the top card. “I usually like to do a... a general reading. See how you’re doing. Sometimes the universe knows better than you do.”

“Oh. Sure!” Chiwoo took another sip of his tea, and then briefly looked over as Roe settled in alongside his sister. He took another drag off that pipe and held it as he passed the ebony-wood her way; she held it easily between two fingers, drawing a few cards with the other.

“Now,” she said, drawing each card onto her thumb, “it works best if you know who you’re reading, and have experiences and memories with them. Strangers are a little difficult... and that is why I made you tea! Now we are no longer strangers.” The red panda chuckled again, then turned her head to take her own draw from that pipe. Instead of letting it out as her brother did, though, she allowed it to fog gently out from her nose, the thin grey smoke curling down around her white-furred muzzle before billowing up around her head.

Two cards so far, she’d drawn. Chiwoo leaned forward, trying to see: the back of each was intricately and identically decorated, mostly black with silver-threaded embellishment, a two-faced skull in the center with what looked like vines curling out and forming the border. Stars, a moon on one side, a sun on the other... he looked up at the twins again, and was surprised to see Rin offering that pipe to him, other paw on her third card.

She shrugged. “If you want. Something else to relax.”

So he leaned forward, scooted closer to the edge of his chair, leaned forward some more, braced one paw on the edge of the table, managed to take the pipe between his fingers. Heavier than he expected – ebony indeed – and also considerably cooler, with none of the heat from the sparkling cinders seeping out. Dense, dark green “herb”, as Roe had called it earlier, with the slightest of lavender-white crystals still visible along the buds that had not yet felt that spark... his ears perked again with the sound of another match being lit, and next thing he knew, he leaned over to take that small flame from the brother and hold it down towards the bowl.

“Slow,” he heard Roe rumble from across the table. “Be careful. If it’s your first time, it can hurt your throat...”

And it did, a little bit. Chiwoo had to lean forward and hold the pipe off at an angle to fight off the wave of coughing that came, and even after it felt like it had passed, his throat still bore the odd, scratchy heat of the smoke. Still, though, he found he wanted to go back, and he did. It felt... nice, soothing. Relaxing indeed. Rin had drawn his cards, just the three of them, and lay them out on the table between them as he took a second try.

“The Lovers,” she said, tapping a claw against an image of two wolves wearing only the fur in which they were born, intertwined around one another with noses touching. “Death,” the second showing a cow’s skull nestled into a low brush of grass, with a daisy growing through one eye socket and a bird’s nest in the other. “The Devil,” the final in the center, a red goat with his four arms splayed out, and a complex twisted wreath of horns curling in on themselves and pointing out.

“Is that-” He had to pause again, and afterwards passed the pipe back to Roe. Whatever was in there had a heavy, pungent aroma, acrid without being unpleasant. Skunky, almost: it curled his nose, and yet, he couldn’t turn away from it. “Is that bad?”

Another shrug. It hadn’t taken long for the effects of that herb to settle in: Rin adjusted her posture and leaned more of her weight against her brother, then reached up to shift the fit of one of the straps of cloth that came down over her shoulders and covered her breasts. “Could be. Might not. Roe told me about the mushroom you sought, and the potion you take; the Lovers represents a... duality, of sorts, a harmony between masculine,” with her arm wrapping around Roe’s shoulder and drawing him to her,

“and feminine,” with her other paw lifting up beneath one of those breasts, and slipping it free of its covering.

Chiwoo swallowed. Roe shifted a bit, tilted his head, looked down at his sister’s bare breast... and smirked. Then he reached over and gave it a squeeze himself.

“Death represents change,” the sister went on, first with a claw against the face of that card and then with a playful slap against her brother’s wandering paw to bat it away. “Something coming to an end, something new coming to a beginning. Maybe it is a change you are afraid of, or one about which you are not confident, but it comes. The Devil...” That one, she held up in the air. “Self-indulgence, enjoyment... carnal pleasure.”

“Are you telling my future?”

Rin looked at Roe, Roe looked at Rin, and this time the sister reached over and replaced the brother’s paw on her breast, both of them sharing a languid grin. After a moment she turned that smile back on their guest; Roe took another deep drag from the pipe. “I could be. We have a potion based on the one you take, something that can... accelerate and amplify the effects, about twenty- or thirty-fold. The effects are temporary, but recurring with proper preparations.” She glanced over at her brother, tapping the bowl of the pipe against the edge of the table. The herb inside had turned charcoal-black, and the next taste of the smoke made him pucker his face and shake his head. “Would you like a dose?”

His yes brought on fast change, in more than one. No sooner had he finished voicing the word than did Roe rise up, pipe still in his paw, and stride off towards the back room of the apothecary; Rin meanwhile left her cards where they lay and came over to the other side of the table, and knelt down before Chiwoo. The chihuahua scooted back a bit – that herb *had* relaxed him a bit, but he still knew to feel a bit embarrassed when someone dropped between his knees and spread them. Somewhat self-conscious, too, with his... *mixed* feelings about what he had to show there.

The thing was, though, as soon as the panda’s fingerpads touched him, he felt... odd. Light, warm tingles echoed up from where she touched him, her gentle grip on his legs reversing that self-consciousness, leading him to scoot forward a little further. And then it felt like one of the times with his master inspecting their progress, but... closer, almost. More personal. Rin leaned in close enough so that her whiskers tickled at the chihuahua’s inner thighs and her warm breath tickled at him – and then he jumped with the first contact of the side of her thumb, tracing carefully up along the line of one of his lips.

“Oh,” she murmured, and he could feel her words as well. “Look at *you*... you’re really coming along, aren’t you? How about... we...”

The chihuahua gripped onto the seat of the chair with both of his paws, warm sweet pleasure shivering up through his lower body as those same two fingers started to sink up into him. His natural reaction was to lower his body and pushed down against those fingers, so he did – right up to when the panda’s knuckles pressed against him, then tried to push him up further with another movement. Her other thumb had made its way up along his lip, keeping the soft flesh spread, and now circled around the point of flesh that used to be his clit – and that now stuck out a little bit.

“You like this a lot, don’t you? I don’t like to assume, but...” Those fingers slowly drew back out of him, leaving him with the so-familiar want to bring them back. There had to be something about her touch; nothing else could get him so worked up so quickly. He could *really* use that direwolf right now. “Roe mention he’s potions. Right?”

Chiwoo brought one of his paws to his muzzle, just so he could lightly bite the side of his finger. His leg twitched and gave the slightest of kicks with every circle of that thumb around his clit, just heavy enough for him to feel, just light enough to tickle. And it felt *good*. “Y – yeah, he...”

“Well, you see, I’m more of a... a *physical* worker.”

He had to grip onto the edge of the chair again, then, as Rin spread him under both thumbs and dove right in to drag her tongue up over his sex. That was a feeling he *always* loved and that never failed to put him in the mood, but this time... this time, while she did let the tip of her tongue curl inside of him for a moment, she focused more on that stiffness a short distance above, the small shaft and little nub of sensitive flesh. Far back of her tongue first, then the center, then the point, the length cupped to squeeze around that little bit of flesh... and it felt like it went on a lot longer than it should have with the changes that the potion had yet instilled in Chiwoo.

Still those sweet, electric tingles echoed through his loins, too, and after a second and a third lick, each one bringing him to sink further down in the chair and hook his short legs over the red panda’s shoulders, he found the energy to look down – and almost jerked all the way upright again. Just that licking and the little touches from her fingers and thumbs had brought out a noticeable change in him: instead of something that ‘used to be a clit’ at the apex of his sex now stood something that could very easily be a cock, a bit longer and thicker than his thumb and growing further beneath each long, slow lick.

Footsteps caught his attention again, and then a bottle holding a thick, dark liquid was held out over his shoulder from behind. Roe rested his paw on the chihuahua’s other shoulder and gave the bottle a small shake.

“You look like you’re enjoying yourself,” he rumbled, “so I won’t interrupt you. Take this. It’ll... speed things up.”

And so it did. Chiwoo had a bit of difficulty knocking it back, both for its heavy thickness and for the repeated shivers and moans and gasps that his body tried to let out beneath Rin’s tongue, and between all of these new feelings he’d never felt before along new parts of his body – but just a few seconds after he felt that last drop ooze its way down his throat, he could feel the effects start to echo out through his shoulders, his hips, his upper chest, his arms and his legs.

It felt as if every strand of his fur tickled, as if each one were trying to pull itself out from his skin; he didn’t know whether to tense every muscle in his body or try to relax. Rin remained between his legs with her fingers now pressing up against him, teasing and pressing at his lips, doing whatever it was she’d done to his clit – to his cock; Chiwoo gasped, shivered, dug his claws into the wood of the chair, tried to hold back a growl of mixed pain and pleasure.

Roe took a step back from behind their guest, arms crossed in front of his chest. He raised his eyebrows at the first sign of the bristling of fur and changing of form. "Rin, you might want to... uh, might want to move back a bit."

"No, I'm..." His sister just adjusted her position, briefly casting her eyes up to the muzzle of the creature that no longer quite resembled a chihuahua. The lengthening of the muzzle, the growth of the front teeth... the way his neck and shoulders broadened and shifted, down to the breasts previously hidden beneath thick fur and his loose sweater shrinking and receding into his body, with his chest fully barreling out into that of a wider, heavier creature. "I'm okay. We did this to you, too, remember? And you didn't hurt me..."

"That was-" Roe jumped and took a step back as the chair beneath the not-chihuahua let out a crack of complaint under the sudden extra weight. Chiwoo, or whatever he was now, leaned forward on longer, more crooked hind legs, thick pawpads bracing against the wooden floor; those were the hindlegs of a feral. "That was different!"

Rin leaned back onto her elbows, intentionally sliding down between the beast's hind legs. She couldn't take her eyes off the change happening before and above her: what she'd started with her tongue and a little magic of her own now solidified and advanced even faster, that beginning of a cock pulsing, growing, stiffening into the familiar rich red of a canine, tapered tip and swollen knot. Those lips shifted as well, fused together into a smooth pouch and then started to balloon down... and then kept on going, settling into the panda's waiting paws.

"Yeah, well..."

She trailed off. How could she not, watching this? Shifting of skin and fur, thick supple sheath wrapping around that shaft and pulling it back into the beast's body, and these *balls*... such intense heat and weight pressing down on her paws, filling her palms, straining against her fingers. She licked her lips and pulled herself up a little bit – right at the same moment that Chiwoo gave a shift and a rumble in his own new stance, resulting in the underside of that sheath dragging right across the side of Rin's muzzle.

That was what caught her, just as it had when she'd done this to Roe, too. *That* time she had been considerably more careful: an important reagent of the potion was about a mouthful of werebeast semen, and that particular ingredient would have been a lot harder to obtain if everything did not work out on Roe as planned. It had, though, and she made sure to drain him three times before the effects wore off.

Chiwoo, though... there was no real need to worry. The twins had more of the potion stocked away, and again, how could Rin hope to focus with *this* hanging down above her head?

She let her paws trace up from that sack to the just-as-heavy sheath, feeling the firm weight of the beast's knot hidden inside. One paw on either side hardly bridged the thing, but, *gods*, the *feel* of it: she could move one paw towards her and the other away, and watch the way that that supple skin shifted and stretched to accommodate. Naturally, the sensation of the transformation wouldn't be *pure* pleasure for the subject, but... she continued up with her paws, and first squeezed the lip of the beast's sheath forward before drawing it back a little bit.

But it wasn't all pain, either. The sister licked her lips after the first drop of thick, salty pre oozed down from the red-fleshed tip revealed inside that sheath, and the wave of pure masculine musk that came with it. She could hear Roe behind the thing shifting things around, too: it sounded like he pulled the chair back, and once she managed to bring her eyes away from that sheath and tip, she could indeed see that he'd position himself directly behind the shivering, slaving beast. Chiwoo would be a bit dazed after entering this form, too; hopefully when that went away, he'd realize it wasn't so bad.

"Don't stay down there *too* long," her brother's voice said. It was impossible to see what he was doing from this angle, but Rin had an idea. "You'll get lightheaded."

"Oh, I'm... already..." She swallowed and closed the distance between her face and the beast's cock, touching her nose against the slick heat of the underside of that tip, then bringing her lips up to follow at the border of the sheath itself. Once there she drew in a slow, deep breath through her nose, held it a moment... and let it waft back out through parted lips, just like the smoke from earlier. "I'm already there, Roe."

On Roe the potion had been an experiment, but here on Chiwoo it was a proof. *Harmony of your masculine and feminine sides*, she mused, moving down along that sheath and catching the lip of it against her own. Thick skin, soft, supple... hot. Very hot. *We'll just bring out the extreme of one of those for a while, to get your body used to it.*

Best enjoy that extreme while it was here, too. Besides, that would give Chiwoo's body another road to become accustomed to the hormones and the feelings. Rin shifted one paw back down to caress one of the beast's balls – it took her stretching her arm to almost its full length; after the main body transformation came a bit of extra shifting of sizes and proportions – and kept the other at the lip of his sheath, working it back and forth, back and forth over the tip slowly pushing its way out from that pouch of skin.

Another nuzzle against one side, then around to the other with that skin pressing against her cheek, rolling back a little, sliding back... and then the red panda tilted her head and again brought her lip close to the edge of that sheath, though instead of leaning in for another kiss, this time she slid her tongue in beneath it and kept on moving. That heat felt magnified inside and underneath, with that same wet slickness of his body from the massive wave of hormones that flooded him in the few seconds after drinking that potion.

Easy to tell that he could still feel the effects of the changes, too, and that with all of these new parts of his body, at least – Rin hefted one of those balls in her paw again – five pounds of meat and flesh and musk easily giving him so much more to feel and experience... each of her nuzzles and kisses and tugs and licks brought a reaction out of the beast above her, whether it was a rumble echoing down through his wide chest, or a slight squat to his hind legs that made Roe behind him let out a frustrated grunt, or a shift in the stance of his forelegs bumping up against the edge of the table. Sliding her tongue under the lip of that sheath gave the strongest reaction so far, with a thrust forward that almost scooted the red panda across the floor with the force behind it. Once that slight panic dissipated, though, she chuckled softly, closed her eyes, and dug it right back in, the tip of the beast's cock twitching and leaking into her mouth as she did so.

She could only reach so far inside that sheath, though, and soon brought it back into her mouth and swallowed down that slickness and taste. *There* it was: the acrid edge of undiluted masculinity, spiking



out from the same musk she'd tasted when she first drew her tongue up between the chihuahua's lips and over his little cock earlier. The same scent, the same taste, yet embellished a bit. Magnified, like the rest of him. The panda moved back down towards the lip of his sheath, pushed it down with a pair of fingers, and swirled her tongue around the revealed space of hot flesh there. That, too, brought a pleased growl from the larger canid, and a more familiar grind down against her muzzle; she let her eyes wander down below his sheath, to watch those balls swing forward and back under the movement.

All of this just helped her goal, too, of coaxing him out of his sheath, at least a bit. The wide bulge of his knot lifted out near the base of the skin, right by where his sheath met his body; Rin swallowed again and left a line of small, soft kisses down along the side of the warm skin to that point, where she could nuzzle her nose in at the corner between shaft and knot, and then made her way back up – but with slow, languid licks instead, digging into and through the short, soft fur there, thinning towards the lip and then giving way entirely to that warm, slick skin, fresh pink as his lips had been before his transformation.

The longer she went on, the more she had to shift and move to accommodate the growing length, slowly pushing its way out of that sheath with the bulge of the beast's knot following. Rin kept one paw on that mass whenever she could, relishing sharp, dense heat just as she did the same with her nose and her lips and her tongue along the underside of his shaft, repeatedly licking down towards the lip of his sheath and digging underneath it, then pulling it slightly away and letting it settle back into its original position... maybe next time this happened, she'd see how many fingers she could slip into that sheath, and how far she could push them in.

Next time. The panda made her way back up towards that tip with another string of kisses, this time with a long lick leading to each – which in turn caused her to half-fill her muzzle with a well-timed ooze of thick pre, thick, somewhat salty, hard to swallow.

"Jeez, Roe..."

Not that she minded. Chiwoo grunted and shifted where he stood on all fours, and flicked an ear when the much smaller panda rose to her full height beside him; then, she reached around to pat the other side of his muzzle, and hopped up onto the table that somehow hadn't gotten toppled amid everything else.

"What are you *doing* back there? Boy's leaking like..." As soon as she slid her waist-bound skirt to the side and drew a pair of those fingers up along herself, Chiwoo's nose twitched in sniffing the air – and then nuzzled right there between her thighs, with his broad tongue soon to follow. Rin shivered and sank down into that slow licking. "...oooh... like a... a..."

Roe remained where he was for a few seconds longer, focused in his work; only after his sister trailed off did he lean back, releasing the grip of his thumb on the beast's tailhole to keep it spread partially open for his muzzle and tongue to bury into. He swallowed, full aware of the sharp scent of the creature on his face and breath, and tried to lean around Chiwoo as far as he could. What he could tell from here, though... he chuckled softly, shook his head, and leaned in for another long lick across the length of that tailhole.

Whatever Rin had been doing to him beneath his hind legs, Roe could feel back here against his lips and around his tongue – each of the tight clenches of muscle, the shifting, the relaxing, the slight

adjustments in stance. Even that one lick brought another shiver and clench from the beast, just barely pinching at the end of his tongue. Looked good back here, though: pale-colored fur thinned out to bare skin and flesh beneath the base of his tail, and all of that skin glistened with a thick layer of saliva. Roe leaned down to catch a fat drop of his own drool starting to roll down from that pucker and along the back of Chiwoo's sizable sack, giving one of his balls a good heft as he did so.

"Well..." he murmured, and straightened up to his full height again. He held Chiwoo's tail off to the side with one paw, angled his own hard cock up towards the tailhole where his tongue had just been with the other, rubbed his head around in his own saliva, pressed in to that pucker, drew back a little bit... "You *still* seem like you're enjoying yourself, so I still won't interrupt you."

The first pressure of him moving forward and starting to sink up into that wet, squeezing heat... *gods*, it was like nothing else. Almost; he *thought* he could vaguely remember when Rin had had him down the first trial of this potion, and then he'd ended up mounting her with a canine cock for once... he still wasn't sure how she'd managed to get him out of her at his peak so that she could drain him into a glass for future experiments.

That wouldn't be a worry now, though. The red panda pulled in a slow breath and continued to bury himself inside the beast, leaning his head back and letting his eyes drift shut *after* he made sure that Chiwoo wasn't about to spin around and let him know how those new fangs felt buried in his throat. Instead, the once-chihuahua shivered as well, let out a low rumble, and *tried* to look back at him, before his sister rested one of her small paws behind his ear and turned him back to what she *wanted* him to focus on. The edge of a sharp shiver rippling up Rin's back followed by a sweet moan shuddering out between her lips let Roe know that he'd obeyed, amazingly enough.

It seemed to work out well, though, with each of Roe's thrusts forward into the beast causing him to nuzzle down between Rin's legs and drag that broad animal's tongue up again, which in turn made her squeeze her thighs around his large muzzle and hold him down there for a moment. Amazing that he behaved so well, though Roe wouldn't have put it past his sister to slip in one of her multitudes of potent aphrodisiacs as well. Roe himself had ended up victim to that a few times, not that he particularly minded.

A tense clench around the base of his cock brought him back to the current situation, and he reached his arms forward across the beast's backside and drew his paws back through that thick fur to get a good hold and start in on a smooth, steady rhythm. Hard to keep pace with that, though: one of the legs of the chair beneath him had splintered during Chiwoo's initial transformation – Roe always had to avert his eyes when one of Rin's patients did that – and he could feel it now, forcing him to adopt a slower, lighter rhythm than he would've preferred.

Not that that meant much, of course. Between the heavy taste of the beast's musk still weighing down on his nose, muzzle, and throat, and the slimy slickness in his mouth, and his sister's urgent panting and moaning, and of course the sweet, hot, wet pressure around his cock, base to tip and tip to base as he continued to pound into the beast's backside, thoroughly prepared by his lips and tongue just earlier... the panda had to grit his teeth and adjust his grip on Chiwoo's flanks, so he could double over him. The feeling of that firm rump against his lower belly and hips, and of that tail wrapping around his lower body, almost trying to pull him in faster and harder – and he could *swear* that the beast started to press back against him, too, in the spaces where his attention wasn't occupied by serving Rin with his tongue.

It didn't help that he'd spent most of the time he'd had his muzzle locked beneath the beast's tail with one paw running along his own shaft, too. Already he could feel the growing, pulsing pressure of his peak approaching, and it sounded like his sister was feeling the same; Roe leaned around the beast's backside and indeed found her with her legs wrapped around the thing's neck and arms pressing down on the back of his head, holding him in place for her to thrust and grind against just as he did back here.

And he couldn't stop himself. His claws started to dig into those muscular flanks, in through thick fur and skin; he could feel the beast respond by squeezing around him again, muscles tensing all around him and forcing him to thrust in a little bit harder, right in line with his own urgency; he licked his lips, swallowed, adjusted a little bit so that his sack didn't swing *quite* so hard against the back of Chiwoo's... and then buried himself as deep as he could in that rump, paws coming back to spread the feral to try to get deeper in him. And the beast reciprocated, returning the pressure and lifting up against the red panda with each pulse of his cock, each spurt deep inside of him.

Rin's moaning and squirming got lost beneath his own noises, and under the gentle rumbling and snuffling and growling of the huge beast between the two of them. Only after Roe managed to straighten up and slip back out of his tailhole, and it was a bit hard to resist burying his muzzle again in that slightly-stretched ring of flesh now dripping with his own cum, could he hear his sister's exhausted panting from the table ahead.

"Satisfied?" he managed, and hopped down from the chair. A pass of his paw across his cock to wipe off the mess made him briefly weak at the knees; Chiwoo lifted his head and looked back at him, tongue lapping over the visible damp fur around his longer canid muzzle. When he rested his other paw against the beast's side, the tail that had just been raised against his lower belly and wrapped around his hips gave a small, tired wag.

"Are you-" A small chirp interrupted Rin's answer when that tongue made its way back her legs again. "-kidding? He'll be in this form for the rest of the night, and I've just had... one orgasm." One paw scritching behind Chiwoo's ear, she pointed the other at her brother. "You gave me four, *bam bam bam bam*, right on top of each other last time we did this to you. Besides, we still need to restock on the main potion ingredient."

"We *are* stocked, I went and-"

"You'll help me, won't you?" After a moment she swung her legs up over the beast's head and shakily rose to her feet, kicking her skirt to the side instead of pulling it back up. Somewhere along the way, her makeshift chest-covering had fully fallen off, too. "Can you run in back and get the gallon jug? Well, on second thought... yeah, make it the two-gallon."

He watched her for a moment as she lowered herself down beneath the beast again, who'd lifted one of his forepaws and rested it on the table where she'd just been. Rin reached up and patted the side of Chiwoo's muzzle, which earned another small wag out of him, and then resumed her original position with her nose pressed up against the lip of his sheath and her paws on his heavy sack, soon to come up across his full, throbbing hard cock... Roe rolled his eyes, crossed his arms, and started off towards the storage room, holding his own pants up in one paw as he went.

Tonight would be a busy night.

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Chiwoo hummed softly to himself, reaching down beneath a low-lying shrub for another of the mushrooms. The stock that those nice red panda twins had sent him home with the previous month was just now starting to run low, and as such, his master sent him out for another gathering. He would've gone back to those two in a heartbeat for the supply, if he could only remember where they lived. A single visit, on accident, a month in the past could do that.

Those two... after twisting and pulling it free, he leaned back on the balls of his footpaws and remained there for a moment. It had been *so* hard to get them out of his head for the first week after leaving their hospitality, and even now when he thought about them, those memories came back as bright and rich as if they had just happened yesterday. Running into Roe in the woods, walking with him back to the apothecary, meeting Rin, the tarot reading and the smoking... and then waking up in the main room of the building the next morning, a blanket draped across him and his breath and mouth tasting lightly of *something*, but he couldn't recall what.

Lovely folk, those two. Every time he straightened back up from picking another sample, the chihuahua stood up on his tiptoes and looked between the trees and vines to see if he could catch sight of the apothecary again, to see if chance just happened to bring him back to the right place. He'd naturally started following the sound of a river when it first tickled his ear, but so far fifteen minutes of that hadn't brought much in the way of success.

Keeping his eye out for a moment longer, he tossed the blanket covering his basket back and settled the cap in among the others, then looked down at them and tapping them one by one. He liked the scent the spores left on his fingerpads, sometimes.

"...nine, ten, eleven, twelve... okay, so then I'll need..."

"I got a thirteenth for you right here."

He jumped, spun around, and had to tilt his head back to see those sparkling orange eyes again. Roe stood with one paw on his hip and the other holding a mushroom by its stem. The exact same pose he'd had the first time, a full month ago.

"Me and Rin have been waiting for you, y'know. We knew you'd be showing up around this time. We've got the second dose of your potion ready."

The potion! He'd forgotten about that. Chiwoo's tail wagged behind him. "It's good to see you."

"Good to see you too. Oh – this dose should be a *bit* more potent than your first. We... tweaked one of the ingredients."

"Is that a promise or a warning?"

Roe just grinned.