

## **A Relaxing Holiday Massage**

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*Content warning: Food transformation, flattening, dubious consent, implied reformation, fatal vore, and digestion.*

Damien knew Deirdre as a friend. However, when a fox like him knew about the secret desires, thoughts, and vulnerabilities of a cute cow, no one could genuinely expect the fox *not* to act on that. So, after some months of patience, Damien decided he deserved a treat and that Deirdre needed to know just how sweet she could be.

“You look tense. How about a massage?”

The innocent question was one that caught Deirdre by surprise, but it certainly wasn't an idea she was opposed to. The timid cow had been raised to not question others, to make herself accessible and useful to others, and to especially see herself as below predators...like foxes. So such a request, and one seemingly for her own comfort, could not be denied even despite her usually prudish nature.

This was how, mere days before Christmas Day, Deirdre found herself nude and belly-down on the large kitchen island in Damien's home. Her breasts and udder pressed flat against a large metal sheet sprayed with something that reminded her of non-stick spray; the fox had explained it was to catch any excess massage oil and save him from some extra cleaning, and that made sense to her. It was slightly uncomfortable, but she trusted her friend to change that.

Damien slathered his hands in the special oil he ordered, smiling as he began to knead deep into the cow's surprisingly muscular back. His fingers looked for little spots of tension, taking care to specially knead deep into them, watching as the fluid he scrubbed in slowly sunk into the loosening muscle. Deirdre's sigh of relief at a particularly strong knot between her shoulder blades finally working out was the fox's sign that his holiday gift was working.

“So, Deirdre,” Damien asked, his tail beginning to wave with growing vulpine mischief, “you grew up in a pred-prey household, yes?”

“Mmph. Y-yeah,” the cow sighed.

“So you respect the food chain, right?” he wondered aloud, rolling his palms deep and firmly into the back of her ribs with practiced technique. “That cute things like you belong to hungry, proud, handsome foxes like me?”

Deirdre shuddered, her increasingly relaxed body resisting the urge to instinctively tense at the new tone in her friend's voice, a tone that seemed...commanding and authoritative.

“...it...it’s what I was taught, at least,” she breathed, enjoying the relaxing sensation of her body sinking into itself, melting beneath those persistent hands’ kneading and grinding.

Damien’s tail brushed through the air as he watched his hands knead a solid few inches into the increasingly doughy flesh. Without even a moment’s consideration, he grabbed a bag of nearby flour and began to sprinkle it across Deirdre’s back, dusting the pliant body before lifting her up and flipping her over. Deirdre squeaked, surprised by what seemed to be the fox’s sudden display of strength; the floofy fox, however, only found it inconvenient in the sense of trying to prevent her from flipping unevenly, her body sagging over his arms.

“Good!” Damien cheered, refreshing the oil on his hands in front of his confused friend before sinking them deep into her belly. “Because I’ve been needing a holiday treat, and with you just melting beneath my massage, I think you’d be just the perfect thing for me.”

Deirdre tried to lean up to get a better view, but her massaged neck refused to move under its own power. It didn’t stop her from seeing the fox’s paws sink deep into her chest, deeper than should’ve been possible, tiny pulls stretching up parts just to mash them down again. Her white body and black splotches slowly lose tension and, along with that tension, substance, leaving every passing moment changing the cow from a doughy girl to...just dough.

The embarrassed expression on the bovine’s face as he kneaded her into the pan, grinding and pushing and rolling his palms deep over her nude body greatly entertained Damien. Her breasts and udder quickly became lumps of dough beneath his massage, her legs and arms quickly were treated to a similar transformation, and her blushing cheeks were just too adorable not to rub and squeeze away into perfectly pliant material. The sprinkling of flour didn’t even make the physically relaxed yet awkwardly flustered girl sneeze.

“Mm, you look like you’re enjoying this, Dei!” Damien observed with a grin, grabbing the nearby rolling pin and watching how easily it smooshed down into the completely cooperative cow. Even the slightest force rolled the pin through all that dough, flattening his treat with ease. All Deirdre could feel was all the tension in herself drift away, her body smearing down and apart, filling the tray with a flattened likeness of herself. It might’ve have been peaceful and freeing if it weren’t so degrading, and yet...she couldn’t bring herself to protest beyond the occasional gasp and whimper. Even that, as the pin rolled over her neck once, twice, three times...even that soon grew quiet.

Damien looked at the flattened giant treat with great pride. “I knew you’d be perfect for this.” His reached to one side, a *chunk* sounding out before a wave of heat rolled over fox and thoroughly worked dough. The oven had been preheated, waiting for Deirdre’s sheet to slide in. The fox certainly wasn’t going to keep it waiting much longer, lifting up the helpless cow-dough by the sheet and sliding it in. He gave her a friendly wave bye before shutting the door with another solid, locking *ca-chunk*.

As the cow panted and soundlessly mouthed flustered noises, heat bombarding her two-dimensional self as if she'd slipped into a sauna to finish her stress-melting spa day, Damien hummed to himself and busied himself with Deirdre's clothes, collecting them and stuffing them into a metal mixing bowl. All it took was a thick syrup poured into the bowl before the garments began to grow soft and mushy. The blending of all those discarded garments went smoothly, all if it quickly beating down under the common kitchen appliance to a fine icing all while the fox hummed and shifted his hips to the beat.

Even though, physically, Deirdre felt unusually relaxed and at ease, the lack of any stable form had felt mentally alarming. That problem and her unease in general slowly faded, though, as her doughy form baked into place. Long minutes passed as her family's lessons comforted her, settling into the degraded peace of being at the service and whims of someone else. Her natural color began to fade, browning and crisping into a firmer state, and her body managed to spread and thicken as it took shape.

By the time the oven door released the seal and allowed Damien to draw the metal sheet out, Deirdre's face had settled into an embarrassed but accepting expression; it made for a cute cookie, a large one spread out and painting a cartoonish picture of the bovine as she once stood. Damien licked his lips as his hands massaged the icing bag, reapplying Deirdre's clothes in a thick, sugary outline before painting the rest of the frosting in to fill out the garments that had hung on her body. The way Damien licked his lips wouldn't have made Deirdre's expression any less blushy even if that face hadn't been baked-on.

"I've been meaning to try this stuff out for a while," the fox said as he set aside the emptied bags and their metal nozzles, using a knife to finish the even spread of icing on Deirdre's cooling belly. "But don't you worry. Even if you weren't enjoying this so much, Dei, as long as all of you ends up in the same place, I should be able to get you back in one piece." Damien's pleased smile as he said those words, though, suggested there was nothing that'd stop the cow from ending up in multiple pieces.

As soon as she was cool, Damien reached down and snapped off one of the cookie's hands, sucking on each of the baked fingers before nibbling them off, chewing, and gulping the sugary treat down. "Mm, so sweet. I knew you'd be," he sighed with delight before the frozen expression of his friend-made-dessert. "I'm going to eat off you all night~"

Bit by bit, Deirdre felt a part of her cookie-self snap off between the fox's fingers, a shiver of sensation running down her nonexistent spine with each solid *crack* and shuddering in surrender as Damien's jaws moved up and down, mashing more and more of it away to be gulped down and fill his gut. Over hours, she watched Damien's belly form a slight curve as she was eaten away, his eating pace only barely outpacing the rate it took for his stomach to work her baked form into a finer mush. Occasionally, he'd reach down to nibble away at her icing-covered curves, teeth marks replacing the line that had outlined her tubby shape before, almost teasing and friendly in its consumption of her flattened, kneaded-to-dough body.

The experience was so distracting and enveloping that she almost didn't notice when Damien was briefly startled, too far away to explain the sudden yanking off of one of her ears.

"Cute cookie," the moonblossom commented, popping the cow's ear into his mouth, munching away for barely a second before gulping down the part.

Damien looked towards the frozen expression of his friend he'd made into an irresistible treat, then back to Sefra. "Yeah," eventually the fox sighed with a smile, "Deirdre made it."

Sefra's chewing slowed, looking down at where he'd yanked off a good part of the blushing cow's sugary cheek. He glanced towards Damien's expression, teeth moving more and more sluggishly through the chewed-up cookie. Then, eyes locked with the fox, he gulped the mass down again. "...I offer no apologies for this."

The laugh from the floofy fox coaxed the moonblossom into a smile himself. "None needed. If I had to guess, Deirdre doesn't mind. Besides, worth remembering her for how sweet she was, isn't it?"

The pair happily munched away, filling their stomachs with the rolled-out cow cookie until only crumbs were left. To them, it was simply a good day to spend with friends. And, as understanding as they were, both Damien and Sefra were perfectly willing to forgive how mushy Deirdre got over the holidays.