

Reed stared out his car window. There was a package at his doorstep, and it was driving him crazy. He hadn't ordered anything online in the past month, and the last thing he ordered was a shirt, but this box was far too large for that. Yet here he was sitting in his driveway, staring at that damn package. It taunted him, it felt like it was actively insulting his intelligence.

"Hey, dumb shit," he could almost hear it saying, "come on, open me. I dare you, fucker." It wasn't literally saying those things, of course, but he could feel some ominous energy from that box. He knew he was going to have to open that box, and no matter what happened, it was going to be his fault. Perhaps he knew all along that this was a stupid idea, that this would probably get him killed, but he didn't care. He was working himself up over that damn package, and by God, he was going to get some resolution.

Reed stepped out of his car with his groceries in tow. Before he could take care of that damn package, he of course had to make sure he took care of things that were actually necessary for survival. It was only a few bags, thankfully, seeing as he was the only person who lived in that house. Once they were taken care of, however, it was the box's turn. He stepped back outside and picked it up, noting just how heavy it felt. Sure, the box was almost as big as a microwave oven, but did it really have to feel like he was carrying a microwave oven around?

With enough effort, Reed set the box down on his kitchen table, ready to break into the sucker. He noticed, however, that the box was very firmly sealed: There was tape, and lots of it. Not to mention the box itself seemed a little beat-up. It was clear to him that this box was resealed, perhaps forwarded from one address to the next like some sort-of chain letter, but in the form of a box. If he was going to get that damn package open, he was going to need something sharp, and durable.

Reed reached into his cupboard and grabbed a pair of scissors. He jabbed one blade into the tape while the other remained above for easier cutting. With this arrangement, it was as easy as could be to simply slice through the tape and render the box openable. After setting the scissors back down on the table, he was quick to open the flaps on the box and check the contents. Finally, he could see what was inside that damn package!

Inside the box was... nothing? How the fuck? That piece of shit was so heavy and there wasn't even anything in it? What a goddamn waste of time, he got himself worked up over some magical empty box. This thing was going in the burn pile tomorrow, that much he was sure of. He picked up the box again, noting that still, it was incredibly heavy despite being both open and empty. Was the cardboard full of lead? Whatever, he was going to pitch this thing and nothing was going to stop him... or was it?

Reed jumped when he saw something else on the table, something that wasn't there before. It looked like some mass of... fur? On closer inspection, it actually looked like the fur was covering some sort of fabric, like a fur coat or one of those fur-skin rugs. There was something unsettling about it, like it gave off a threatening aura. Did this God-forsaken thing fall out of that damn package, and he simply didn't notice? It begged to be picked up and analyzed more thoroughly, which is exactly what Reed did.

Upon further inspection, it was... almost like one of those fursuits you'd see at conventions, but not quite. It wasn't brightly colored, only a simple brown without any countershading whatsoever and what appeared to be medium-length, red hair on top of its head. It was also more clearly sexualized, with what appeared to be wide hips, thick thighs and even some breasts on its chest. Looking at its crotch, it... well, it was clear that this was one-hundred-percent female. It had the whole damn package, really. With small ears on the head, and a large, bushy tail right below a zipper, Reed was also able to deduce that this thing was supposed to be a squirrel.

"...damn, this is weird," Reed said to himself. "Kinda want to try it on..."

Wait, what did he just say? Him, try this thing on? Sure, he was a pervert, but not to this extent! It must have been that box, that... damn package messing with his head. He knew something was wrong, and yet... the compulsion, it was intense, it was magnetizing. Get your fucking clothes off, Reed. Put on the costume, go to town, let it overwhelm you. This is what you want, Reed, this is what you were meant to do.

"...I really want to try this on now."

Reed took his shoes off before anything else to make entry easier. Socks came after, quickly followed by his belt. As the belt came undone, his pants were quick to drop to the ground without any real effort on his behalf. There was no thought in taking his shirt off, and most certainly none in taking his briefs off after. He seemed almost unaware that he was nude in his own kitchen, aside from the fact that soon after, he was picking up his clothes and placing them in the box. Once he needed those things again, he could just look through the box and find them. For once, that damn package was going to be useful for something.

In order to give himself some more room, Reed moved himself and his new costume to the bedroom. It was mostly empty aside from his bed and a small home office in the corner, so he'd have plenty of space to do... God knows what with himself. Now away from that damn package, he could get some privacy and change into his new costume in peace. Reed started foot first, slipping in through the back like a burglar looking for a television set. The inside was warm and cozy, and the material was practically skin-tight. It fit him perfectly... almost eerily perfect.

Pushing his concern aside, Reed put his other leg inside and was now standing up in this costume. He looked down at his feet, pawed but not beaned, and decided to keep going. He slipped his arms inside their respective holes, his hands fitting in the costume's hands like a glove. He moved them to get a good feel of them, and they felt almost just like his normal hands. With that bit of reassurance out of the way, he looked down at himself, those fake breasts resting on his real chest, and smugly smiled. He couldn't even see that damn package of his, even with how tight this outfit felt against him. He put the head over his own like some backwards-facing hood, taking a peek through the eyeholes. The costume was now on; all he had to do was zip it all up.

Reed reached behind him to grab the zipper; it was a big and clumsy one, easy to zip up and down. Slowly and steadily, he pulled that zipper up his backside, more and more of his human skin becoming covered in synthetic squirrel fur... or at least, he hoped it was synthetic. He looked at himself in the mirror as he did so, noticing how the costume seemed to make his butt look bigger; that region must have been padded with something. With one final tug, he managed to get the zipper all the way to the top, letting go once he reached the neck. He looked at himself in the mirror, and noted how... cute he looked. He was pretty, he was the kind of girl he'd go out on a date with. Maybe that damn package was good for something after all? He closed his eyes for a brief moment to indulge in this moment.

“Ah, I feel... I feel...”

Something clicked in him. Opening his eyes, everything felt so hazy and unclear. It was a pale, pink-swirled void, with no one inside it but himself. Shit, was it that damned package doing this? First it makes a fursuit spontaneously appear in his room, next it teleports him to the void? What was it going to do next, call him a pretty girl? Wait, shit, don't actually do that, please, no-

“You're pretty...”

Shit, it was happening, the box was calling him pretty. Or... wait, was it the box? The voice was calming and ethereal, not... rigid and cardboard. Perhaps it was related to the package somehow, but... hmm... it was confusing. It must have been some sort of spirit, perhaps one which had been using the box as a vessel. Well, great, now that damn package was possessed, too? What a way to start a day off from work, huh?

“You’re perfect this way... look at yourself...”

Reed, indeed, looked at himself. He was looked like that anthro squirrel in that costume of his. It was a cute costume, really, but... was he perfect? He still wasn’t sure, but he still felt quite lovely. He kind-of wanted this to not just be a costume, actually. Reed could imagine himself living his entire life as an anthro squirrel, not a care in the world. Perky breasts, new pussy, even the round ears and the fluffy tail... it was a damn lovely package, all things considered.

“You agree... you are pretty... the fur completes you... femininity suits you...”

The more he listened, the less he could argue. Yes, it was true, the fur completed him. Reed could no longer imagine himself without it. Femininity suiting him, that was also true. Reed was perfect this way, as a girl with such a cute, slim and sexy figure and... hmm...

“I am... I am...”

Yes, the voice too, it was perfect! It suited a girl of Reed’s stature perfectly! Cute, jovial, and full of life... that was how she would describe it. She was just about perfect in every way this way, as a cute squirrel without that damn package between her legs to ruin the look. Her pussy was all she needed between her legs, and she was happy with that. Reed was easily swayed, but she didn’t care, or even notice. The spirit had its sway over her, she was now here to listen to its every whim.

“Good girl... I shall do you a favor, if you agree to do something for me...”

“...I listen to your every command.”

“Good. Before I may grant you my gifts, you must reseal my package... place it on your doorstep... pass me along, and I shall reward you...”

Yes, of course! The box! That grand package, which blessed her so graciously, which freed her from that damned dirty old package of hers. She was to spread this gift to others, it was the only way! Only then would she be blessed with perfection!

“Of course... Master...”

The voice disappeared, and Reed was caught in an odd state, one between her euphoric void and the real world. Shit, this wasn't perfect at all, this needed to be fixed! And the only way she was going to fix this was to get that damn package straight out of that house! Looking at herself, though, she noticed the zipper was gone, so at least, so far, that was something to celebrate. Reed left her bedroom with a sway in her step, feeling her new paws walk along the floor as she did so.

Soon enough, she found that damn package on the table. Inside, however, were not old clothes, but rather a new costume! This one resembled an anthropomorphic mink from the looks of it, covered in beautiful, white-as-snow fur. Reed was sure someone would love this gift, without a doubt! Finding some tape on the table, she closed the box once more and aggressively taped it shut. Reed picked it up and noticed how suddenly light it was, like a great burden had been lifted. She ran out with the package to her porch, then opened the front door to place the box on the top step. Not long after, she found herself returned to that beautiful void once more.

“Perfect...” It was that voice again. “Now... eternal bliss... awaits...”

If one were to watch on from here, one would notice that Reed had simply... disappeared. All signs that she had ever lived at that house were gone: The car was parked in someone else's driveway, the door was shut, and the package was already getting picked up by some hapless mail delivery man. Everything about her old life was out of sight, out of mind. She was one with the void now, and she would be forevermore. And it was all thanks to that damn package. The package was gone, and with it, Reed's previous self.

Soon enough, Reed found herself in a vaguely new location, her vision still clouded by pink. She struggled to make out clear details, but she seemed to get at least an idea of what this was. It was a natural paradise, with lush vegetation dotting the land and lively green grass

beneath her paws. There was a waterfall in the distance with crystal clear water, running into a beautiful winding river. Most out-of-place, however, were a series of abstract platforms in the middle of it all, some covered in bedding and others seeming to simply serve as tables. More importantly, though, was what was on these platforms.

There were other anthro girls just like Reed, only of different species and builds. Unlike everything else, these were as plain to see as could be, causing Reed to assume that the pink was simply part of the landscape. There were five in total, excluding her; a cat, a wolf, a fox, a rabbit, and even a mouse to round things out. All were completely nude, just like her, and all were perfectly happy and content talking amongst themselves. They must have been all the others the unseen Master had brought into this paradise, and considering the state of the box, she was sure there would soon be more. As she slowly approached, the fox was quick to take note of her and stood up to meet her halfway.

“Aha, you’re the squirrel. I remember sending the package out with a squirrel costume inside of it, hoping I would soon get to meet you.” The fox pulled Reed into a hug, their breasts smooshing together. “You may call me Fern. What might your name be?”

“A-ah... my name...” Reed giggled softly, loving the feel of Fern’s soft fur against her own. “It is Reed. What are the others’ names, if I may ask?”

“Of course, I would be delighted to introduce our new member.” Fern released one hand to point to each other girl in the area. “The wolf’s name is Sam; she was the first to enter this paradise. Then there is our cat, Lin, who helped make paradise what it is today. The rabbit and mouse are April and May, best friends since childhood. With our minds alone, we have shaped this land into the eternal wonderland it is today.” With a snap of her fingers, an apple spontaneously appeared in Fern’s hand. “Indeed, anything. Go ahead, try it.”

“Okay, Fern... here I go...”

Reed stared at her hand, concentrating intensely. She had a feeling she knew what she wanted, but she had to make sure she was focusing. Breathe in... breathe out. Once she built up enough confidence, she closed her eyes, demanding a new item’s existence. She then opened her eyes, and in her hands lied a bottle of soap, perfect for furred bodies such as theirs. Fern, who was watching this as she ate that apple, smiled.

“Great work.” Fern snapped her finger once more and the apple, which was now reduced to its core, disappeared into nothingness. “I think this calls for a celebration...” She wrapped her arms around Reed once more, staring seductively into her eyes. “...and I know exactly what that should be.”

Without a word, Fern whisked Reed over to one of the lower platforms and sat herself down upon it. She shifted over and helped Reed to sit down, promptly landing a kiss on her mouth. When the squirrel kissed back, she wrapped her arms around once more and cupped her hands around Reed’s breasts. A light moan escaped the squirrel’s lips at even the slightest touch, which was sure to continue as the fox began to fondle those lush mounds. Fern turned to face Lin, who was watching with interest.

“Lin, you know what to do~.”

Indeed, Lin was quick to get down from the platform and walk over to Reed. Once in front of her, she knelt down before getting on all fours, only lifting a single hand off the ground. Reed though she could even hear a faint purring sound as she looked down at the kitty below.

“Hiya, new friend! You don’t mind if I have a taste, do you~?”

Of course, Reed didn’t mind. She shook her head, and soon Lin got to work. Her tongue met the lips between Reed’s legs and soon even passed them. Reed was getting eaten out, something she never thought she’d ever experience throughout her life. It was blissful, her legs were quivering and her toes were curling with each movement of that tongue. She got so worked up that immediately she threw herself onto Fern and began making out with her. Their tongues engaged in a form of erotic jousting, lips locked in battle, her passion was clear.

As her pussy was serviced and her breasts were fondled, Reed managed to get a peek of the other three, who seemed to join in the fun as well. Sam was sitting underneath Fern’s ass and, from the looks of it, eating her out as she fingered herself. April and May, meanwhile, were off on their own tribbing each other. It was a genuine orgy, from what Reed could tell; the insanity of it all! She couldn’t help but hope this sort of thing happened every day: So many cute girls to bond with, to toy around with, infinite possibilities and infinite time. There really was nothing quite as beautiful as this new life that Reed was destined to live.

“O-ohhhh...”

Each minute that passed got Reed more and more excited. It was a pile of bliss, of six beauties enjoying each other's bodies. Seconds felt like minutes, minutes felt like hours, the joy in her mind felt like it was continuing forever. Her arms were firmly wrapped around her foxy companion as they continued to kiss it out. She didn't want it to end, but of course, every sequence has its climax, and hers soon came.

She let loose, her mind clouded by the intensity of it all. She could sense, however, that everyone else seemed to have orgasmed at roughly the same time in some sort-of... erotic hive mind. Signs of climax covered faces, hands, other pussies, it was a sight to behold. It was intense enough that Reed orgasmed yet again, and so did all the others. It only took a few minutes, then, for everyone to grow tired. Reed released her lips from Fern's and took a deep breath, looking down at Lin as the cat removed her mouth from her pussy.

"That's a nice pussy you got there," Lin said, chuckling. "Next time, I'd like to see you try servicing me like that!"

"W-wow, thanks, haha..." Reed breathed in and out, and noticed her energy coming back at a surprisingly quick rate. She felt like she could practically jump out of her seat, or even go another round. "When do you think we should do that?"

"...why not now?" Lin shrugged. "I feel great, I can always go for Round 2, or 10."

"You know what, Lin?" Fern said as she nuzzled against Reed's side, smiling. "That's an excellent idea as always."

And they were soon back at it again, in different positions with different methods, some even using sex toys. That was only one facet of the eternity Reed would enjoy with these girls. If it weren't for that unseen Master, she would never get to know such pleasures. There would be no new friends and no new pleasures, no eternal happiness. Reed did not know what the Master's motivations were, and would likely never know. Perhaps he saved them from some unfortunate end; the end of the world, maybe? Whatever it was, Reed was grateful for that costume that changed her permanently into her new self, an anthro squirrel. She was grateful for everything.

And it was all thanks to that damn package.