

"Morning sweetie..." floated softly through the darkened room, and a few moments later the door swung silently open just enough to admit a form into the gloomy room. As stealthy as ever, Soline straightened up after entering, head and shoulders reaching above the door-frame, her head only a foot or so from brushing the ceiling. The nine foot panther's stature makes buildings not specifically built for her small by comparison, but she's had plenty of practice and simply bends slightly to walk.

Daylight battled to force its way past thickly woven curtains; a few rays of morning glow piercing the room and settling on the steadily rising and falling mound curled up in bed. The entire room carried the wonderfully warm, cosy feeling caused by a person sleeping inside it, and Soline happily acted on the feeling, stealing across the room to the bedside and, without a moment's hesitation, slipped under the covers and cuddled up to the sleeping Kitsune. Poojawa, the purple and silver furred kitsune shuffled slightly in her sleep, which was all the movement Soline needed to slip one arm under the small of her back, the other snaking over the 'sune's trim belly for the caramel coloured Panther right up to the toasty body and gently huff warm, sweetened air over Poojawa's face.

"Wakey Wakey cutie." She whispered again, right into the 'sune's ear, making it flick in reaction, before her muzzle dropped a little lower and pressed a kiss into the nape of her neck; simply waiting for the 'sune to stir properly. After a few minutes cuddled up to the sleeping fox, Soline fell asleep herself.

Several mumbled noises and chatters, and Poojawa trying to roll in Soline's arms roused the feline, and she gave the vixen's ear a teasing nibble to wake her up fully. "Morning hon'...sleep well?"

"Hrmuh?" Poojawa gave a few more confused mumbles before her lips creased into a smile "Soline. How...what are you doing here?"

"You didn't think I'd forget did you?" Soline said, bright blue eyes virtually *glowing* in the gloomy room as she watched her friend wake up more fully, and with a sudden scuffle of bed sheets the panther *rolled*, drawing a surprised cry from the 'sune as Soline shifted positions to straddle her. Warm satin panties pressed firmly over the Kitsune's thighs as Soline's hands closed around Poojawa's elbows, using her size to pin the kitsune down and sink her body deeper into the warm, soft bedding. The panther's voice lowered into a far more sensual, honeyed tone, "Happy birthday Poojie." Before dipping her head down to kiss the still sleepy kitsune's lips.

With her arms pinned, Poojawa wriggled a little to free up the tails she'd been sleeping on, and curled one thickly fluffed length behind Soline's head, teasingly holding the kiss a little longer, "Much appreciated dear," she grinned, wagging four fingers at the feline "But are you planning to keep me pinned all day?"

"Mmh, that *would* be pleasant, don't you think?" Soline purred, pressing down atop Poojawa, more satin in the form of a bra and attached dress pressing warmly against the kitsune's nude body; though she was too pre-occupied with scrunching her eyes up against a long, wet slurp as Soline's kiss turned into a *lick* all the way up her face, flashing glimpses of the slick, slimy depths of her maw. "But I was thinking of something a bit more...active, we could do" she dipped forwards again, mawing at her vixen and clamped her lips around Poojawa's muzzle, slurping and licking at her like a furred treat, letting the huffs of air from Poojie's nostrils waft into the back of her throat for a long few minutes before releasing her drool-slaked muzzle.

"Don't I at least get my present first?" she blinked up cutely at the panther, twitching tails betraying her excitement.

"Ohh...I *am* the present sweetie, how often do I get to see you, after all?" her ears flicked down, then back up again as the silver-tongued feline coaxed her way out of admitting she forgot a gift "Or perhaps..." another *yawn* right over the Kitsune's face, "your present is spending the next few hours churning away in my guts?" a more seductive expression now, leaning in to whisper right into Poojawa's ear "Or maybe, seeing as it's your *birthday*...you should be able to curl up in a womb for the day." She snickered to herself, getting quite into imagining how she could churn and squeeze and enjoy the smaller fox, and completely missed the Kitsune's eyes narrow coyly, her tails spreading out wide and curling up like a predator rearing back to strike.

"So you *forgot*, you mean?" Poojawa snapped, tails flicking forwards to wrap tightly around the panther, the pinning weight suddenly lifting from the vixen's body as a few hundred pounds of feline found itself effortlessly supported in thick, fluffy purple tails. After a sharp mrowl of surprise Soline began to stammer and try to talk her way back into the fox's apparent good-books, only for her to press a silvered fingertip to the feline's lips, claw-tip pressing subtly into the fur just beneath her nose. "Ah, ah...silly me, you *are* the present aren't you," Poojawa's smile widened; white, pointed fangs glinting in the curtained gloom, "Even though you're mine whenever I want, it's a nice thought dear," She purred, rolling abruptly to press Soline back down into the bed and stretch out atop the increasingly nervous panther "But...I think you could really outdo yourself today, Foodkitty."

Before Soline could do more than open her mouth to complain, Poojawa's fur began to glow, small tendrils of 'smoke' wafting from the tufts and points of her ears and *dripping* from the tips of her hair. Purple light from her increasingly brightly glowing eyes illuminating the *frantically* struggling panther for a long, taunting moment before the vixen leant down and pressed a kiss to Soline's lips, the glow fading from her tails and steadily moving up, towards the base, and from her toes towards her head in a flowing pattern. The glow intensified around her eyes and muzzle, before fading away and sparking a brief purplish glow in Soline's ebony lips that travelled down her entire body as well. Poojawa watched Soline begin to shrink at a frighteningly fast rate, the vixen dropping heavily onto her bed again as the panther near enough vanished, leaving the brown furred, sweet scented girl just shy of a foot tall, having shrunk right out of her clothes and up, lying on Poojawa's bed between her arms and still under her piercing, *hungry* gaze.

"P-Poojie, please uh...please s-stop looking at me...like I'm...ah, dinner." The now tiny Soline squirmed and glanced around, looking for an avenue of escape past the comparatively huge purple forearms, until a series of disconcertingly familiar muffled sounds drew her attention to the smirking vixen's face again. With a rush of covers and fur and tails, Poojawa abruptly pushed upwards, rising to sit back on her heels and kneel on the bed, revealing something else her magic had done, four *more* dark brown felines, a little damp with sweat from their time trapped beneath the fox, rose to their feet, looking at one another in shock, and looking even *more* shocked at the sight of the first Soline.

"Well...I suppose that's where my size went..." one commented dryly. Each new copy stood an even two feet tall, ears just barely level with the lowest curve of the Kitsune's breasts just behind them...a Kitsune none of the newer four noticed until a soft *cough* drew their attentions, all four as one

looking up to the vixen's bright eyes and moving subtly further backwards, till all five were pressed up against her pillows, the smallest feline pressed in the middle.

One on the end of the row turned to make a run for it, only for four of the kitsune's seven tails to *whap* down on the bed, two either side, encircling and trapping the quintet. As surely as if she'd put them in cages the message was clear, they weren't going *anywhere*. "Ah ah, I don't think so dear...you promised me a present, and I think the *least* you could do is sing me happy birthday?"

The smallest began to stammer "P-Pooj-"

"Sing" Poojawa interrupted, her smile widening just a fraction.

"H-happy birthday, to yommphh!" The one on the far end, who'd tried to run moments before, began to sing the first line, her voice a little higher and not as mellow as usual, a combination of reduced size and fear, but still a sweet, soft, honeyed voice. Before Soline could finish the first line though, Poojawa lunged forwards, dropping to all fours, mouth gaping wide, and clamped her lips wetly around the panther's head, sealing her in the dark, wet cavern of the vixen's mouth. Her little hands pushed and slapped at Poojawa's muzzle, even going so far as to try and peel the warm lips from around her throat as her friend's tongue slurped and licked over her face, slaking her in drool and wicking away mouthfuls of the feline's flavour; but at such a small size even *trying* to hurt the fox didn't even make her bat an eyelid. Just as saliva started to seep from the fox's lips and into Soline's chest fur and down her back Poojawa's jaws parted again, just long enough for a whimpered moan of fear from inside her mouth to escape as her head dove down a second time. The other four Soline's watched in horror as a visible ripple ran down the vixen's throat as she swallowed, a lewd, wet *gluck* dragging the unfortunate singer's head and shoulders into the smothering, tight, embrace of her gullet and drew the feline's navel just past the row of pointed, remarkably unused, teeth. Holding onto her meal firmly, Poojawa sat back up, now rather a lot closer to the others, and continued to slurp and gulp eagerly, taking her time and letting the other Soline's watch the legs kick and thrash their way slowly into her mouth, the firm, noticeable swell in her throat grow and sink deeper and deeper as her tongue curled out and slurped teasingly up between her victim's legs, clearly delighting at the muffled, moan of unwanted pleasure from near her collar bone. Using her tongue to *pull* her meal deeper, it only took a few more gulps before the fox dipped her head to look back to the others, lips parted for them to see the curling toes sliding deeper into her mouth, dragged over her tongue and vanishing down her throat with a soft squish. Gravity drew the thick bulges in her throat deeper and deeper until they vanished behind her collarbone, emerging steadily under her breasts into a growing bulge to her middle that could easily be mistaken for a pregnancy by the time the poor feline spilled entirely into the pitch black, slimy, oppressive depths of her stomach.

"Urrrp...mmh, please...continue dear" a still drool soaked tongue slurped over her chops as Poojawa watched the quartet stare at one another and back to her, gaze flitting to the subtly squirming belly. Her tails looped behind the remaining four and pulled them closer towards her, drawing their attention finally to her crotch...and the erect cock twitching against her belly, "Actually...start again, and...mind helping a girl out?" she grinned and lifted her hips *just* a touch, as two Soline's, afraid of adding to the lump in her middle, moved ahead of the others. One girl dropped to her knees and wrapped her arms around the thick, warm shaft, pulling it into her chest and using her upper body to *grind* against Poojawa's cock, her head dipping to lick and slurp over the leaking tip, lapping up the

pre and suckling over the head of her length. The other girl dropped to all fours and crawled forwards, beneath the newly hermified vixen's sac, and rolled over onto her back to reach up and tend to her equally needy flower. Hands squeezed and kneaded and rubbed over the glistening, slick outer lips, while she brought her face forwards and pressed her muzzle firmly into the source of the overpoweringly potent scents; mimicking the other, she began to lick and slurp and nuzzle away, almost greedily, as Poojawa's gaze fixed on the remaining two, heavily lidded at the attention to her nethers "I'm...*ahh*...waiting..."

As before, this time with two of them, the felines began to sing Happy birthday to their lover and friend, "Happy Birthday dear Poojie" was as far as they got, both girls faces growing steadily more nervous, expecting the vixen to attack like last time. Instead their voices trailed off as the *other* two let out muffled cries of distress as Poojawa's gaze lost any interest in the singers, her eyes losing focus and her tongue lolling from a partially open mouth. The Solines' gaze instinctively followed a drop of drool from the tip of her tongue all the way down, past her distended, now still, middle to her crotch, where the vixen's hands had reached, just in time to see a single, purple finger pressing on the back of Soline's head pull away *just* as displaced pressure sucked her ears and the rest of her head fully into the kitsune's shaft, her palms sliding furiously up and down the slick length, clearly trying and failing to get enough purchase in the precum-soaked flesh to push away. Her other hand disappeared down behind her rump, reaching underneath herself, but from the frantic kicking and flailing of the other Soline's legs and lack of a voice it was clear a similar fate was befalling her at the same time.

Even though her expressions and the constant, needy, low whines and churrs of delight suggested she was distracted, a single movement from the smallest Soline caused two tails to pin the surviving duo flat to the bed, leaving them unable to do anything but watch in horror as one Soline slipped further and further out of sight behind Poojawa's sac, the muscles in her arm rippling ever so slightly as she systematically walked her fingers down the furiously fighting feline and pressed inch after satisfying inch up into her flower; hot, slick folds squeezed and rippled around Soline, tugging her deeper and deeper into the vixen's velvety tunnel, her bust stretching Poojawa's petals particularly wide, drawing a *hiss* of delight and a particularly hard *clench* from her depths that dragged Soline inside clean to her navel, and ground her juice-soaked muzzle roughly into the predator's cervix.

On the outside, clearly visible to the remaining two, Poojawa's other hand simply gripped Soline's legs and tipped her upside down, thrusting and twitching her hips softly in reaction as gravity and her own pushing stretched her cockslit as wide as it needed, swallowing up the feline's shoulders with a sticky squish, cum oozing from the tip to coat and lubricate the wriggling, screaming panther and help her slide in even more easily. With her body suspended upside down the others could see the clear imprints of her face, and soon her chest, in the underside of Poojawa's cock as she sank deeper and deeper, the engorged shaft only stretching and distending as much as it absolutely needed to, the panther squashing and compacting far more than the snake-like shaft distended. Her head sank out of sight into Poojawa's crotch inches after her breasts found themselves compacted hard against her chest, but it wasn't until the fox's tip squished and slipped over the smoothly curved swell of her hips that a noticeable bulge, still shifting and squirming, pressed out of the bottom of her sac.

The cervix parted effortlessly around Soline's muzzle, admitting her head into the uncomfortable wet and thick, gloopy cum filling at least a third of the tiny, muscular chamber. As her feet vanished from view beneath the steadily filling sac Poojawa released the other's legs and idly started to rub and squeeze up and down her shaft, pleasuring herself as gravity and her own ministrations steadily drew the kicking, wriggling legs deeper and deeper, already so much of the feline consumed her struggled did little more than make the twitching shaft bob slightly. Poojawa's fingers pushed and shoved roughly at Soline's bottom, groaning as her petals stretched around the brown furred rear and a powerful, peristaltic, ripple *dragged* Soline up to her knees, her feet kicking against the warm bedding as she wriggled and gyrated, both girls' arms pinned uselessly to their sides until *far* too late. The vixen's belly steadily grew almost twice as large as before as she held one shrunken feline foot between thumb and forefinger and *shoved* her inside completely, fingers sinking in to the second knuckle before releasing their grip on her trapped toy and letting the needy, hungry clenches squeeze her fully up into the steaming hot womb at the same time as another pair of cute, squirming feet squished from view down the tip of her shaft, legs forming a smooth swell in the underside of her cock before sliding completely into the vixen's groin, squeezing through more tubing before spilling completely into the musky, sweaty depths of her sac. Poojawa masturbated furiously for a few minutes, tending both sets of genitals before *growling* with annoyance and *pulling* her hands away, forcing herself to stop moments before it looked like she would climax over the remaining two, utterly *terrified* felines.

"Don't, ahh, want to ruin the, ohh, sheets now do I." she shudders, twitching and squirming with need, before flopping forwards onto her belly, compacting the two trapped inside even more than they were already and squeezing her thighs together, pinning her throbbing length between belly and bed in an effort to force away the nearly overpowering urges. The Soline's only barely managed to scramble back far enough to avoid being smothered beneath belly or breast, and when they rolled back over onto their backs, it was to the sight of a purple fox's head looming closer, rose-colored from pleasure but still very much *hungry*...and that faintly sadistic glint in her eye that made both girls shiver. "I believe you two still owe me a song..."

"P-promise you won't eat me!" The smallest Soline asked, the desperation in her voice as clear as the other three's voices were muffled.

Poojawa simply leaned in just a little closer, hot, musky breath wafting over the pair as she grinned, "No. Now sing"

"H-happy birthday...to...y-you.

Happy birthday, to you.

Happy birthday, dear Poojie...

Happy birthday to you" Both looked relieved, and surprised, to finish the end of the song safe and sound, the final syllables carrying on their sweet voices, until Poojawa's head dipped forwards and *firmly* kissed the larger Soline's pursed lips; one hand, slick with juices, pressing firmly into the foot-tall panther to the side to prevent her trying to run. When nothing more happened, Soline relaxed into the kiss and purred softly, returning it with a passion. Only the smaller one could see Poojawa flash her a cruel wink, eyes glowing purple again, before her lips stretched wider again, slipping

wetly over Soline's head and shoulders, tugging her up into a sitting position and swallowing her right off the bed, strangely without a struggle. Moments later all colour drained from the remaining panther's face when she saw why, the ethereal, ghostlike soul of the two foot panther had remained behind on the bed, expression contorting into confusion as she stopped kissing thin air and opened her eyes to see her own ass vanish between the vixen's lips.

"N-no! God no please! P-poojie stop!" Soline screamed, the two foot soul scrambling to her feet and grabbing at the limp feet of her body, trying to drag it from Poojawa's gullet, but her hands simply passed straight through her own feet, and in a few seconds toes and tail vanished from sight with a gulp, and a satisfied, only half stifled, belch. "P-p...Poojie?...wh-why?" The stunned soul asked, growing more and more panicked and fearful as each second went by, knowing just how little chance her body had if the vixen didn't cough it up immediately.

"Why not?" Poojawa grinned winked "You didn't think I'd be letting you run off to the afterlife or something once I was done with you did you? You're going in, and you're *not* getting back out again," she licked her lips pointedly "your soul is *mine*...and it happens to taste particularly good on its own." After a second's pause, the soul realised what she had just said, and turned to flee. In response, the Kitsune simply lowered her head a little more, pursed her lips, and *inhaled*. Her pursed lips pointed towards the glowing blue, ethereal figure of Soline as she began to behave as though trying to fight an impossibly powerful hurricane, slipping a few inches closer towards Poojawa's greedy jaws, her tail pulled straight, the tip very nearly passing the vixen's lips, seemingly incapable of moving or squishing anymore.

"NO! please god no! please, please don't! Stop!" Soline cried, ghostly tears trickling down her cheeks as she lunged forwards and grabbed fistfuls of the pillow, clinging on desperately as the suction lifted her entire body up, pointing her feet-first towards the vixen. Poojawa flashed a wink at the remaining panther, still pinned beneath one hand, and moved her head closer, pursed lips kissing the panther's feet and then passing over them, her lips sliding effortlessly all the way up the panther's legs, parting as though the soul were a solid body as the kitsune literally inhaled her. With her lips around the panther's belly, Poojawa stopped inhaling and began to swallow, moving her head closer, gulping and swallowing her way down to above the panther's breasts, her tongue rolling over and relishing every inch of the sweet tasting, ethereal, feline as she continued to cling to the pillow. Tears dripped from her cheeks and fell a few inches before vanishing from existence. With a casual flick of her head, almost as though tossing hair from her eyes, Poojawa broke the panther's grip and curled her tongue around the soul's face, pulling her head into the slick, hot depths of her mouth. Another gulp and only the tiny fingers were left, clinging to the fox's lips until a last, satisfied *glck* drew them out of sight as well, packing eight feet of panther in four smaller parcels deep into her body, though barely a ripple showed in her engorged gut and distended sac already, the felines either unconscious, given up...or worse.

"H-h-happy...happy birthday...Poojie?" Soline whimpered, tiny hands pushing at the vixen's fingers as she scrunched up one eye, the tiny, foot tall feline expecting the worst to come.

"Thank you dear...it's been fun so far." Came the reply as Poojawa sat up again, sporting a *heavily* pregnant looking belly and equally enormous sac, between her legs. Releasing Soline, she shuffled and coiled a single, fluffy tail around the panther instead, wrapping her up in floof and lifting her clean of the bed. Shuffling to the side of the bed she scooped up the lingerie Soline had worn and

churred happily “For me? You shouldn’t have!...they’re a little big though don’t you think?” She glanced over her shoulder at the more relaxed feline, almost lost amidst the fluff of seven purple tails. A tiny bit of magic later and the gravid kitsune slipped into a pair of satin panties and matching bra with attached dress that fitted her form perfectly, admired herself in the mirror for a few long minutes before finally padding from the gloomy bedroom into the brighter lit hallways of her home.

Padding down the stairs, her belly let out an ominous gurgle around the mass still stuffed inside, and she grinned at the sudden motionless in her tail’s grip “I could really use some breakfast, how about you, Foodkitten?...though, for my birthday I think it’s only fair *you* cook.” She smirked, eager to have the normally enormous feline have to dash up and down her work surfaces and use crockery as big as herself. Heading into the kitchen she dropped the diminutive panther onto the work surface, and mercifully lowered a few pans from their hooks, before turning her attention to a curiosity on the dining table. A small pile of wrapped presents sat balanced on the table, and off to one side a small pile of money sat beside a note covered in Soline’s unmistakable handwriting detailing her plans for the day, just in case she forgot something.

Poojawa raised an eyebrow at the gesture, and rested a hand on her belly “Huh, I guess you *didn’t* forget...” she cracked a *wicked* smirk and slipped into a seat, glancing over her shoulder to see Soline heft a spatula as large as herself and drop it beside the cooker, fat already sizzling in a pan as she ran back across the surface to fetch eggs “*oops.*” she snickered, without a trace of remorse.